LITERARY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. VIII.

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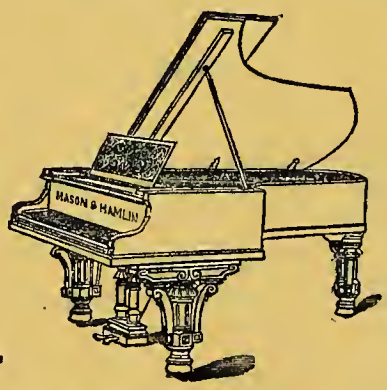

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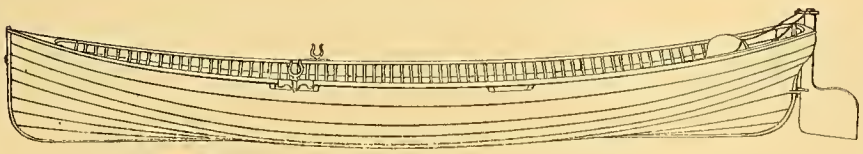

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All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORAILS.

The effort to determine the value of various influences upon the life of a college student gives unsatisfactory results. Without doubt, many opportunities for joyous and progressive living are due to influences as yet unappreciated, and it is a pleasure to express some appreciation of influence that have been recognized. While the influences of our college friends upon our lives has not yet reached its final height, the importance of this factor in our work is generally regarded. By the power of noble example, repeated summons have come to us for deeper thinking and more sincere living. The joy that has resulted from acquaintance with noble characters is unspeakable. If, then, our friends are to hold an important place in our college life, the choosing of friends becomes a question worthy of consideration. A girl certainly makes a great mistake, if she does not strive to be worthy of the friendship of the noblest girls in her class, and in college. Although there are many bases for intimate acquaintance, the most lasting basis is appreciation of true character. A charitableness for faults, with no withdrawing of the high standard already adopted, a willingness to acknowledge merit, a quick recognition of virtue, wherever it is to be found, are indispensable. Some girls have missed many pleasant and helpful experiences, because they have not been ready to meet their companions and add their share of sympathy and interest.

Many girls who have a large circle of acquaintances lose a valuable incentive to diligent study, and a deeper knowledge of the principles of living, because their conversation is upon externals, while vital truths are ignored. It is inspiring to find that a girl has large views of life, and thinks of the influence of modes of thought and action upon the class, and of the influence of her class upon the general life and tone of the college. If these subjects are considered, why should they be debarred from conversation? Strong, worthy friendships are of inestimable value in using the influence that we possess; and an influence due to steadfastness of christian purpose is an invaluable element in friendship. The point of selfishness, that may creep in, must not be overlooked. In seeking to be with the noblest, truest girls, we must not forget that, if our lives are to meet their full purpose, we must give joyous help as well as receive it. Occasionally, the girls that least need the inspiring fellowship of friends have the most of it, while those whose lives lack richness are still given subordinate places in our friendliness. *Alice G. Arnold*, '91.

LETTER FROM COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

October 27, 1891.

Dear Friends at Wellesley:—

It is too bad that all of you who are interested in our association could not have been present at its annual meeting to-day, and have heard the delightful accounts of the summer life at Katonah, and of new plans for the winter life. One of these plans is closely connected with Katonah, and has already been put into operation. Two of the residents take a party of about six boys or girls out to the Summer house on Saturday to spend Sunday, or for some special holidays, as Thanksgiving and Christmas. It was my good fortune to go last Saturday with Miss Fine and five of the club girls. The foliage was in its greatest beauty of color, the quiet waters of the little river Craso were sprinkled with bright leaves drifting to and fro, and the whole country, rolling hills and meadows, were bright with the lovely tints of Autumn. Both afternoons we spent in looking for nuts and gathering apples, and you can imagine the delight it was to girls who had never done it before, to rustle through the fallen leaves, bite juicy apples in the orchard, and discover treasures of hickory nuts, chestnuts and butternuts. Saturday evening we made hickory-nut candy, delicious candy, and sat around a blazing log fire, telling stories of the war, in which the girls took the most animated interest, especially one, whose grandfather had been confined in Libby prison. The interest of the others came from reading some of our library books, and they made several quotations from these. The girls were much pleased with the church service, especially with the congregational singing on Sunday morning, and delighted because the minister came and spoke to them. He has taken the warmest interest in the summer visitors. The children were always taken to the Friday night prayer meeting, and at one of these services the minister made a strong appeal to all to choose the right side. Going down the aisle one mischievous little Louis, on being introduced to a deacon of the church, audaciously asked, "Are you in it? I am." The following Friday the minister took for his text "Are you in it?"

There is one other Katonah incident that I must tell you, because it shows the real thoughtfulness of some of our club members. The boys, while at the house, helped by chopping wood, bringing water and doing similar things; one of the older ones, the night before going away, chopped a large pile of wood, and then carried the axe to one of the neighbor's to have a sharp edge put on so that it would be easy for the ladies to chop their wood when left alone. This same boy was styled Doctor, because he gave such faithful care to two of the boys who were accidentally hurt by a gunshot. He belongs to Miss Fine's political club, also to the Choral club, in which I take special delight. From eight to twelve boys of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-three years, come in Sabbath evenings to sing for an hour, hymns and other selected music. It is my pride that Brahm's Lullaby is heard whistled through the street occasionally, supplanting "Comrades." The boys sing quite well, and enjoy it immensely. I do not doubt that they would come every evening if invited. Many go to night school now. Earlier in the season they might always be seen at night laying around our door-steps, or those directly opposite, as if held by some strong attraction and ready to do guard duty. Now I often see in the early morning a figure in working blouse and trousers, with a newspaper and cigar, reclining opposite.

The children all sing well. The German element is strong enough to give a musical bias, and they learn readily and sing with accuracy and precision, even with shading that is quite expressive. All of the music and words have been so well chosen that this is an excellent means of cultivation or development of all that

is best in them. They had been learning the poem "Whose are the Whitest Lambkins?" set to music, and later, when some one spoke of noticing the stars on a certain night, a little one looked up and said: "The little lambkins." It merely shows how readily they apply what they learn.

Perhaps you may be interested to hear of a peculiar incident connected with our branch of the Penny Provident Bank, nothing less than a run on the bank. They came in numbers, mothers and fathers and babies with the rest, and all forsooth because our parlor furniture was in the hall, our crockery out of its closet, and we were going to move, and the money, too, the bank to burst, everything terrible to happen. Nothing could appease them but their money, and the whole family was drawn upon, the neighboring apothecary as well, but the bank stood, and our credit was preserved. You must not suppose that it was our club members who so basely suspected us. They stood by, indignant at the outsiders; one scornfully remarked to a boy who was drawing out seven cents, "Never fear, you'll get your money all right, or, if you don't, you might attach the house, or the hat-pegs." One child was found in the street, weeping bitterly; he had two cents deposited. One woman remarked, on being reasoned with, that she was taking hers to buy shoes for her little girl; the amount was six cents. Many were soon eager to come back when confidence was restored, but were not allowed to for a month, as punishment.

There is much, much to tell. To know all one must come here and live, as I hope that many of you may, and see and enjoy for yourselves.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Alice M. Mills.

This is the time of the year when indications would lead one to think that meadows feel laek-a-daisy-cal.

A PALM SUNDAY PILGRIMAGE.

By the southern coast of France, where the Mediterranean waves lap the warm sands and break in foam at the feet of cliffs that are the out-posts of the East Pyrenees, lies the little walled town of Lodeve. In that obscure corner of Europe, between the Saone on the right and the Garonne on the left, the mountains of Spain guarding it to the south west, what ups and downs of nations it has seen! The traditions of the old mediæval days hang around it still, when Languedoc was the name of the land and the soft langue d'oc was spoken there, when Raymond, Count of Toulouse, held royal court for knight and troubadour at Toulouse, its capital, when the tramp of the Roman legions still echoed there, when the din of the Gothic invaders had scarcely died away, when high-born damoiselles still listened, in their towers, to the music of the Moorish troubadour.

In the crypt of the church of St. Etienne lie the bones of the first bishop of Lodeve, who, seven hundred and fifty years ago, gowned in black surplice and white stole, looked down from behind his carved desk in the transept above, on the kneeling figures of Constance of Laraze and Pons her father, at the shrine of St. Etienne. They kneel there in deep contrition and six knights with them. Yonder, to the south by the winding Orb, is the baron's castle. A little hamlet nestles in the valley beneath his cliff,to-day, and it is christened St. Pons.

Let us go back to the reign of Louis VII. Let us visit this province of Septimania. Let us learn from the lips of Constance of Laraze, now the nun Constance, the tale of this Palm Sunday confession and of how Pons the robber-baron became Pons the saint.

It is a budding April morning, 1144, in the convent of Drinant. The nun Constance is in bed, propped up in her narrow chamber cell, and by her side is the lady abbess, robed from

head to foot in flowing white. The pale-faced nun holds the hand of the abbess and speaks:

"Would you hear the story, Cristina? It was long ago and the desire for the old life has passed away now,—and the pain. *Hosanna in excelsis.* It is Palm-Sunday, is it not? I can hear the sisters singing matins in the choir below. It was Palm Sunday then,—how clear the picture flashes on me! You have never heard me tell? Ave Maria! Listen to my story.

'Twas a Saturday evening in April—I begin there—the evening before Palm Sunday nine years ago in the chateau Laraze. You do not know the castle-life, Cristina. It was wild and bold. My father had been out that day for he did not even keep the truce of God, —*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis* — how sweet the voices sound! He had brought me a gown of purple sarcinet and a girdle of silver chain-work, and I was in my tower chamber, it was not like this, Cristina. The walls were hung with tapestry that came from Damascus and my prie-dieu chair was wrought with griffins' heads and cushioned softly. And from my window I could look down on the broad fields of my father stretching away seaward.

There were the huts of the serfs, thatched with straw and I often looked upon the men as they worked with spade and hoe tilling the gardens.

They were bare-legged and their heads were uncovered, with the hot sun beating down upon them. I could see the women in their bright skirts as they sat spinning in the doorways, but little I thought of them then.

That evening my maid, Matilde, arrayed me in my gown, rich and soft like a pansy leaf, and a wimple delicately embroidered. I smiled as I gazed in the mirror of polished metal and beheld the glow of my cheeks and the lustre of gold curls falling on my white shoulders.—*Agnus Dei, miserere nobis.*

Down below in the great hall, the board was spread, and for the last time at evening in the castle of Pons of Laraze. I heard the bustle in the court-yard outside, of our liegemen returning from the day's hunt, the hungry baying of the hounds, and, somewhere in the turret, the gay twang of a guitar. It was not like this holy quiet, sister, pierced by Glorias and Laudes. I heard my father call and I deseended the narrow winding stairs, holding in my hand the little taper that flickered in the gusty darkness.

Audrey, the page, heard my steps and sprang forward to lead me to a seat in his knightly fashion. I loved the lad for he was Roland's brother and Roland, Cristina, was my betrothed. He had gone nine months before to fight the Saracens in Spain. But this evening, Cristina, I was to see him again—*Hosanna in escelsis*—hear them sing!

He had taken ship, we knew, he and his companions, from a port in Spain, as the mountains were so beset by robbers and wild beasts.

When I entered the room, a scene of confusion and joyaunce met my eyes. From the rough rafters of the ceiling lanterns were hung that shed a smoky light. Above the huge fire-place hung the glittering armor and the silver shield of my father, bearing the device, leopards couchant on a field of azure. The horns of a great stag graeed the wall above the halberds and trophies of battles. There were benches set down the sides of the long table where my father had already taken his place. His retainers eagerly crowded round a second table that ran the length of the room. A motley crowd was there assembled, sister. My father, gray-bearded and gleaming-eyed, and his six knights, clad like himself, with short swords and daggers at their belts. There was my mother, Alix, calm like a queen in her shining gown of samite, and my younger brother, Hubert, who had just won his golden spurs. There were Blanche and Isabel, my cousins of

Chatigny and other ladies. The minstrel too was there with his band of jongleurs. They had promised us a song of good King Artus of Brittany when the loving-cup had been drunk and they had sated themselves of venison and deep draughts of our Burgundy wine. The green skirted fool, in cap and bells, with painted cheeks, capered around the room.

The attendants were bearing in the silver flagons of wine and cider, platters of smoking boar and venison and dishes of lentils.

'Come, Constance, called my father. 'Come you and eat with us. These knights and fair ladies await you.'

'What do you seek, Constance:' shouted my brother, 'Your pretty falcon or a new gold chain? Mayhap we will bring you one to-morrow from our rock.'

My father had spoken often of his rock that was as good as a mine of gold, so he said. I had asked him his meaning but he only roared with laughter. My brother Hubert cried:

'Do not ask, little Constance. Who knows but purple gowns and silver pouches grow on yonder cliff?'

I understood not then, but now I understand and many the prayer I have prayed since for sailors on the wild seas. *Miserere mei, pardoning sin.*

'You shall go to the Fair at Toulouse, if you wish,' said my father, 'and get a gold bracelet or a tambourine for your Moor to play on.'

'You would rather go to the Court of Love at Toulouse, would you not, Constance?' whispered Hubert mischievously. The table burst into peals of merriment. I did not smile for I thought of Roland. There had been a storm the day before, and all night I had heard the breakers beating on the rocks. *Miserere mei, pardon my sins.*

By and by, Cristina, we heard the loud blast of a horn, the creak of the draw-bridge that was let down and the rumble of the portcullis.

'It is Roland,' I cried, and we all sprang to our feet. Sister Cristina, it was not Roland. Roland was not my lover any more. God had taken him. He had been wrecked on the cliff: It was my father's cliff. Perchance my father had plundered his vessel. *Agnus Dei,* —how peacefully they chant!

Yes, I can see the man now who brought the tidings, wild-eyed and pale and flecked with foam. Sister, that night, all night, I heard my dead lover's voice calling to me from the sea.

But, *magnificat anima mea,* my father was changed. The Blessed Virgin sent sudden repentance into his heart. He had robbed men, he had slain them, he had plundered and pillaged, but no more, no more.

'Let who will take my castle,' he cried, 'It shall no longer hold Pons of Lasage.'

The morning of Palm Sunday dawned clear and fair.

'We will make pilgrimage to the Bishop,' he said, 'and there will confess and do penance for all our sins. I will renounce my worldly goods, like Bernard of Clairvaux.

Good, my knights, will you too go to St. Etienne and pray absolution?

Ride thou on thy palfrey, Alix, and Constance too, for the road is long.'

'But no,' I said, 'I will go afoot and bareheaded, like yourself, my father.'

And the mother went too, and Hubert and our men, six knights. We all should renounce the world, I said, for we had sorely sinned.

Let me look out of the window, Cristina, at our convent enclosure. I may not see it many times again, the high walls, the little, white image of St. Genevieve in the niche, the rows of small apple trees abloom. How sweet the perfume comes up this blessed morning! It was a morning like this, Cristina, that blessed Palm Sunday, nine years ago. The birds were twittering in the branches of the trees above our heads. I can still see that jessamine vine, that flung out its bells to us as we passed by.

And the dew was glistening on the breaks and ferns in the cool forest-aisles. *Et exultavit spiritus meus.*—they are singing the canticle now, Cristina. And when we came out of the tall, green woods, Cristina, we passed by the little cottages of the peasants, by lane and highway. I can see their faces yet as they stared and gaped at us. Truly it was a wondrous sight. Pons of Lasage, the terror of Leodive, in a simple shift, his wrists tied with knotted cord, a rope for his girdle, and his six knights behind him, silent, with bowed heads. I can see that swine-herd yet with his staff uplifted, dumbfounded, as he had seen an elf, and the miller's wife as she was grinding beech nuts, how she ran to the door and crossed herself when she saw us.

And so, by upland and orchard and meadow, till we came to the hazel-grove outside the town Leodive. Beneath the trees a merry group of men and maidens were sporting. Cristina, I hardly saw them then, but I see them before me now as plainly as that crucifix. *Sanctissima Jesu*, on the wall. Under the tree sat an old man, in blouse and leather belt, with the game-bag by his side and an old prayer book in his hand. And a black-haired shepherd boy played at quoits with a girl. Cristina, how the laughter changed to silence as we went by. Even the ring of dancers stood still.

So, on and on, and we left them behind us, and the sun grew very warm and the road was hard and stony: *O Crux Ave.* So they sang that morning in St. Etienne as the nuns are singing now. *O Crux Ave.* There I fainted as I fell before the altar.

But that Palm Sunday was the beginning of peace. The bishop touched our foreheads with holy water, and we kissed the palms and knelt before his feet.

'Be thou a pilgrim, Pons of Lasage,' said he, 'and thy sins shall be forgiven thee, if with a humble and penitent heart, putting away from thee all worldly and vain desires, thou wilt renounce thy ill-gotten possessions, if, leaving wife and son and daughter, thou wilt beg thy way, as lowliest of pilgrims, to Santiago, to St. James of the Sword, taking on thy way neither scrip nor bread nor gold. There shalt thou spend the remainder of thy days, my son, in fasting and prayer, and so be absolved of thy sins.'

Magnificat anima mea. Likewise did he speak to my mother, to Hubert and to me. The choir boys chanted softly and the church was filled with incense.

I know not, Cristina, how my father fared on the long pilgrimage. Was the way rough and stony, sister? It was better so. And did he hear Roland calling from the seas at night, sister? *A morte perpetua*, his soul is happy now.

How sweet the apple-blooms float up, like sacred odor from silver censers! Hark! Have the ringing voices ceased? The matins are done. I will rest, Cristina, a little while. *Maria virgo miserere mei, et exaudi orationem meam.*

Florence Wilkinson, '92.

A small child was in the habit of visiting a neighbor of his mother, and his call were frequently rendered extremely pleasant by large supplies of cookies. If she did not offer them he felt no delicacy in asking for his accustomed treat. His mother heard of it and lectured him on the impropriety of his conduct. He bore her admonitions well in mind. The next time he paid a visit to the good neighbor, he waited in vain for the usual hospitable suggestion. He wriggled and twisted and finally said in most insinuating tones:—"Let's talk about cookies."

Why does a cat belong to all three of the great natural kingdoms? To the vegetable because a part is cat-tail, to the mineral because a part is cat's-eye, and to the animal because the whole is a cat.

THE ESSAYS OF AGNES REPPLIER.

In reading the essays of Agnes Repplier, we are immediately impressed with their brilliant and sparkling wit. Things of awful import and things trivial are alike treated in a half-gay, half-sad, somewhat disrespectful, altogether startling fashion. At first, our breath is taken away, then we laugh: and presently we remember with a mingled feeling of delight and shame that we have sometimes had the same wicked ideas ourselves. This wittiness frequently takes the form of sarcasm, but the sarcasm is saved from degenerating into bitterness, because there is at the core a genuine sense of humor or a pathetic earnestness. This style is admirably adapted for attaeking the foibles and follies of that incorrigible creature, The World, and it has been used for this purpose from the beginning.

Early in her eareer, the essayist selected questions in which it was likely that most sensible people would agree. She wrote on children; how they are brought up and how they used to be, what they read and what they used to read, the place they have in the world and the plaee they used to have. The modern child suffers sadly in these essays. Probably Agnes Ripplier would have sympathized with the grandfather who was asked if he liked the wing of a fowl and who replied that he didn't know how it tasted, because, when he was young the old people claimed that part, and now that he was old the children had it. At all events, she believes that the children of to-day have too exalted an idea of themselves and their mission: and she gives as a cause of this state of things not only the foolishness of parents, but the present style of children's books. She strenuously objects to the model heroines in "Wide, Wide World" or the "Elsie Books." She says she does not approve of little girls who try to reform their grandparents or pin notes to their fathers' dressing-room table, inviting them to beeome christians. Although the field was wide, Miss Repplier did not confine herself to discussing the failings of children. She began to dart her well-tipped arrows at full-fledged men and women, at the century itself. Peculiar characteristics of the time were subjected to vigorous examination and their weaknesses were brought into a pitiless light. The decadence of lyric verse was mourned in a dainty essay on "Old English Love Songs," and the disappearance of the villain from modern literature was memorialized by one of the brightest of papers entitled "A Short Defense of Villains." Pessimistic tendencies were deplored and denounced in two essays "Some Aspects of Modern Pessimism" and "A Plea for Humor."

The plea was remarkably well argued. She says: "The great master-pieees of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the eourts of an orthodox morality and found lamentably wanting, or else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to modern analysis and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the proeess. * * We do not,"—she exclaims to "the courts of an orthodox morality." "We do not love Falstaff because he is drunk, we do not admire Becky Sharp because she is wieked. Drunkenness and wiekedness are things easy of imitation, yet all the sack in christendom could not beget us another Falstaff, and all the wickedness in the world could not fashion us a second Becky Sharp. There are too many dull topers and stupid sinners among mankind to admit of any uncertainty on these points. * * * Humor distorts nothing and only false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals. What monstrous absurdities and paradoxes have resisted whole batteries of serious argument and then crumbled swiftly into dust before the ringing death-knell of a laugh."

But in our treatment of literature Agnes Repplier finds some grievous mistakes. This is natural in a woman who counts books among

her warmest friends, for faults that concern our friends are always most disturbing to our peace of mind. Two of her best essays, "Literary Shibboleths" and "Fiction in the Pulpit," are on this subject. "Literary Shibboleths" has to do with persons who pretend that they like to read what they think they ought to like to read, and with persons who set up a stiff literary standard and look down on those who cannot attain to that standard. The first class she pities and tries to make see that, in reading, "a clear perception of our individual needs is something vastly different from an idle preferment based on an ignorant conceit." The second class do not escape so easily. She describes the attitude of some of them in this way. "The tone of heartfelt superiority is noticeable among the very ardent admirers of Robert Browning, who seem to be perpetually offering thanks to heaven that they are not as other men are, and who evince a gentle but humiliating contempt for their uninitiated fellow creatures, while Ibsen's fervent devotees dwell on the mountain tops apart." She refers them all to Lord Chesterfield, "who counsels every man to think as he pleases or rather as he can, but to forbear to disclose his valuable thoughts when they are of a kind to disturb the peace of society." In the essay entitled "Fiction in the Pulpit," Miss Repplier attacks the position of the modern novelist whose chief aim is to teach. She exclaims, "To beguile us into the grateful shades of fiction as Jael beguiled Sisera into the shadow of her tent, and then with deadly purpose to transfix us with a truth as sharp and cruel as the nail with which Jael slew her guest, is a dastardly betrayal of confidence." "There are no improper novels any longer, she goes on pathetically, "because even those that strike the uninitiated as admirably adapted to the spiritual requirements of Commodus or of Elagabalus are in truth far more moral than morality itself, being set up like the festering heads of old-time criminals as a stern warning in the market place. Zola we all know aspires as much to be a teacher as George Eliot. His methods are different, to be sure, but the directing principle is the same. He can neither amuse or please, but he can and will instruct." As a result of this moral standard, literary criticism slides into ethical criticism. "The novelist finding his own importance immensely increased thereby, rises promptly to the emergency and with characteristic diffidence consents to be our guide, philosopher and friend. It is refreshing to go back in spirit to those halcyon days when poets sang of their ladies' eyebrows rather than of the inscrutable problems of fate, and when Mrs. Battle relaxed herself after a game of whist over that genial and unostentatious trifle called a novel. Fancy Mrs. Battle relaxing herself to-day over 'Daniel Deronda,' or 'The Ordeal of Richard Feveril,' or 'The Story of an African Farm.'"

The opinions set forth in "Fiction in the Pulpit" were very much criticised and Miss Repplier defended her position by an earnest, somewhat philosophical article entitled "Pleasure, a Heresy." In several respects, this is the finest essay she has written. Quite free from the all-pervading atmosphere of wittiness which characterizes some of the others, it affords proof positive that the absorbing aim of the writer is not always to say something clever. When one has the faculty of saying bright things, it is difficult to keep from sacrificing everything to this faculty, even truth itself. This would naturally detract from a writer's influence. Agnes Repplier herself tells us that work is to be judged without considering motives: but certainly to many of us, her work means much more, if we feel that in writing she honestly tries to say what is true rather than what is amusing. Her essays are not likely to live: probably she does not care to have them. She writes to people of her own time about matters of present interest and importance. The chief charm of her articles is that we are able to appreciate all her

allusions. We have read the books to which she refers, we have known many of the people whom she describes. Sometimes indeed we are afraid that we are her victims. We have an uneasy feeling that we are guilty of some of the crimes she mentions, but we see with delight that there are many worse off than ourselves, so we drown our discomfiture by laughing at our fellow sufferers.

It would be strange if these essays which tell us so much about ourselves and our neighbors did not tell us something about the author. From their critical character, it would seem that she has a restless temperament, and that she often finds the world a trying place.

In that charmingly petulant essay, "Books that have Hindered Me," she tells us about her childish trials learning to read. "I learned my letters," she says, "at the cost of infinite tribulation, out of a horrible little book, called 'Reading without Tears,' which I trust has long since been banished from all Christian nurseries. It was a brown book and had on its cover a deceptive picture of two stout and unclothed cupids, holding the volume open between them and making an ostentatious pretense of enjoyment. Young as I was I grew cynical over that title and that picture, for the torrents of tears that I shed blotted them both daily from my sight. It might have been possible for cupids, who needed no wardrobes and sat comfortably on clouds, to learn such lessons, but, for an ordinary little girl in frock and pinafore, they were simply heart-breaking."

This makes us laugh; childish trials always do if we are growing up ourselves. But, when in one of her later essays, Agnes Repplier says that "this is not a merry world," that "the background of our lives is a steady, undeviating sadness," that "all we can hope for is distinct and happy moments, brief intervals from pain," when she tells us this and says, "we try so hard to be happy; we have each such need of his little share of happiness," we begin to realize that this brilliant, clever woman, who has given us so much pleasure, is no happier, perhaps sadder, than most of us.

Seeing too much to be deceived, too little to understand, she is kept from being utterly unhappy by her keen sense of humor, which is a blessing to her as well as to us.

Theodora Kyle.

ABSENT.

BY ELLEN BURROUGHS.

My friend, I need thee in good days or ill,
I need the counsel of thy larger thought;
And I would question all the year has brought—
What spoil of books, what victories of will;
When on the shore, like children taught,
We watched each miracle the sweet day wrought,
While the tide ebbed, and every wind was still.

Dear, let it be again as if we mused.
We two, with never need of spoken word
(While the sea's fingers twined among the dulse,
And gulls dipped near), our spirits seeming fused
In the great life that quickens wave and bird,
Our hearts in happy rhythm with the world-pulse.

(From *The Cosmopolitan*, April, 1891.)

IN LITERATURE VI.

Instructor. Miss L., by what may the first iambus sometimes be replaced?

Miss L. I really can't think just now.

Instructor. What do you take when you are afflicted with a severe cold?

An old negro man had been to see a play called "Cleopatra." In speaking of it to his "young miss," he said:

"I don't like them Shakespeare plays no mo'. I done seen too many on 'em. Dishere new Kilpatrick play is got a heap mo' retachments 'en it useter. Hit am creatin, a big exturbment, amongs' all de niggers."

Then he proceeded to tell of an Egyptian mummy which he described as "pithified."

AS MAMMY TOLD IT.

"Go long wid you, chile, I ain't got no time ter be foolin' wid yer."

"Oh, but mammy, I'm so lonesome, and there isn't a thing to do. P-l-e-a-s-e tell me a story. Truly, truly, I won't be a mite in your way," and the slender, childish figure curled itself up comfortably in the window seat of the sunny kitchen.

Mammy made one more feeble protest: "Why don't yer read dat new book yer fathah brung ye? There's a sight prettier stories in it than I kin tell."

But her young mistress was not to be so easily put off. She knew that in the end mammy always yielded to her wishes, so she only shifted her position a little in the warm spring sunshine, which fell full on her, turning her brown hair to gold and tinging the pale cheeks with a slight flush.

"Now, mammy," she said pleadingly, "I'm all ready, please go on. You might make it a real love story this time, you know," she added by way of suggestion, for she had just reached that age when children begin to have a dim consciousness of that great mystery called love—a consciousness that deepens and ripens so quickly as the years go by. Mammy's face clouded for an instant, and then a troubled look came into her eyes. Then she began hastily to tell her story—the story of the child's mother.

"You don't remember de time you'se down to yer gran' muthah's in Virginy, dose ye, honey? No, oh cose not; ye warn't no mo 'n foah yeahs ole den, an' dat was nigh onto nine yeahs ago. Nine yeahs bin a long time, a long time, an' ole Miss she done died soon arter."

"It war a fine ole place, dat plantation war, an' folks useter lib like kings in dose days. De ole Cun'l he neber think nuthin o' habin a dozen or so horses, and eber body 'mitted as he kept de bes' lot o' slaves in de country. He done bought me when Miss Ruth war a small baby, an he sez ter me: 'Car'line, you'se gwine ter be Miss Ruth's nuss, an' if yer watch ober 'er faithful an' takes good care ob er, I'll gib yer yer freedom when she's twenty-one.' I 'low dat war mighty good ob im, but laws, chile, de war done come fore dat time, but I wouldn't leave my young missus nohow."

"Miss Ruth war a mighty likely chile, an de ole Cun'l done lub er like de apple of 'is eye: so'd ole Miss, fer dat mattah, fur dey aint had nary a chick or chile cepting dis one."

"Ole Squire Downs useter lib on de plantation nex to ourn, and young Marse Dick mighty fond o' comin ober ter play wid Miss Ruth, an she war mazin glad ter see 'im allus. He war a han'some little fellow, an dat's de truf, but awful high tempered, just flarin up in a passion so suddint it took yer bref away. I member de day he saw ole Mose a-beating one ob de horses; my sakes, how he did go on, tellin 'im as how he ought ter be beat hisself, an he'd sut'inly speak ter de Squire an tell im so. But he neber spoke a cross word to Miss Ruth; no sah, he's so soft an gentle wid 'er as yer would'nt tink he war de same boy. She war allus a delicate little t'ing, wid pale cheeks, an' great blue eyes as made yer t'ink 'bout angels an such like, an de niggers ud say as how dey 'lowed she warn't gwine ter lib bery long, but land, honey, niggers doan know nuffin'."

"Dem chilluns used ter hab fine times in dose days. He'd carry 'er on 'is back ober inter der orchard, an' dey'd stay dere fer hours togener, playin' at house-keepin'. 'Now, Ruth,' he'd say, serious like, 'when we're growed up an' merried, you mus' know all 'bout housekeepin',' an' she'd say, 'Cose, yer silly boy, don't grow'd up people know eberting?'"

"Wal, bimeby, when she war nigh ter twelve yeahs ole, an' he war sebenteen, ole Squire done say dat Marse Dick mus' go off ter school. He war 'mazin well pleased wid dis plan,

Marse Dick war, an he come right ober ter tell Miss Ruth all 'bout it, how he war gwine up Norf ter a military school whar boys larn'd ter fight, an 'is eyes war a-flashin an' 'is cheeks a-burnin like as if he war already a soldyah. Miss Ruth she didn't say nuffin at fust; jist sot thar lookin at 'im sorrowful fer a minnit, an den she begun ter cry softly all ter herself. Marse Dick he couldn't stan' dat nohow, an he ups an says, soter broken, 'Neber mine, I ain't gwine, so dar,' an wid dat he stoops down an' kisses 'er an' wipes 'er eyes, an' dey goes off laffin tergener."

"But cose, 'is sayin' he warn't gwine didn't make no diffunce if ole Squire say he mus'; so one day when 'twar rainin' an' blowin' an' sleetin' like all possesed, he done drew up ter de door tell Miss Ruth 'goo' bye.' He war dreffful down-hearted, but she jes' laffed at 'im, an' tole 'im as how he'd be comin' back purty soon, an' ennyhow, he could write ter 'er while he war away. She waved 'er han' ter 'im, still a-smilin', as he drov off in de rain, but when he war clean out'n sight she jes' tun 'round an threw 'er arms 'roun' my neck an commenced a-sobbin' like er heart 'ud break. But she war young den, an soon picked up agin, an seemed jes' as happy as eber, a-dancin out ter meet 'er daddy when he cum frum de town, an a-askin' if he'd got a lettah fer 'er frum Richard."

"At fust Marse Dick ud be a-comin back in de summah time, an he'd tell er all bout de fellows he knowed up Norf, an what gay times dey uster hab, an she'd listen to im mighty pleased like, an beg im ter go on an tell er some mo'. But it happened when he done finish school dat he didn't come home at onc't, but went a-travellin instead, an when he saw Miss Ruth agin she war growed inter a fair slip ob a girl, an war de pride ob de whole county, an he war changed consid'able hisself, wid his moustache an mannish way. Dey seemed sorter shy ob each ober at fust, but arter a while he war hangin roun de house mo'n eber, a-talkin ter her as she sot a-sewin in her little chair wid her wuck-basket ter her side. One day he war telling bout how dey did tings up Norf, an he said kind ob laffin like, 'De Norf am de bes place arter all; our poky ole Souf can't noways cum up wid it.' An' den he stopped all ob a suddint, for she had riz up in her chair, wid her eyes a-flashin, an she says ter him bery solemn, 'Richa'd, I'm 'shamed ob you an dis'pinted in you; yer ain't no true Southerner;' an wid dat she walks in de house mighty cool like, wid her head high up in de air, an he jes sits an looks arter her, too 'stonished ter speak."

"He went away not long arter dat to practice law wid a gen'leman in New Yoak, but he uster write to Miss Ruth reg'lar, an she'd read his lettahs ober an ober an put 'em way like they war's precious as gold. Bimeby cum a time when she didn't get no lettah for nigh three weeks, but she didn't say nuthin, jes went roun kind ob sad an droopin. One night when de wind war a-howlin roun de house an it war sleetin an rainin like fury, an she war sittin by de fire bery lonesome like, all on a suddint de front doah opened an thar stood Marse Dick hisself, all white an worn lookin as if he war a sperit stidder a livin man. He strode through de hall to de sittin room, an strode in de doah a-lookin at her a minnit as she sot studyin unconscious by de fire; den he says soft an quiet, 'Ruth,' an she jumps up all red an white, an cries out, 'Richard,' an goes towards him wid both her hands held out. He dun say nuthin at fust, jes takes her in his arms, an kisses her once on her fo'head an once on her mouf, den heputs her back in a chair an stans leanin on de mantel wid his han shadin his eyes, an lookin at her berry sorrowful like. 'Ruth,' ses he at last, 'Ruth do yer know what's happened?' She only shakes her head an looks at him wid her big, scared eyes, an den goes on bery solemn: 'War's done bruk out 'tween de Norf an de South; God help us all,' ses he."

"'Oh, Richa'd,' she cries out, 'an you? You?'"

"'Am fer my country an my govmunt,' ses he berry firm an pale. She jes look at him like she done turn ter stone, and den she sinks dun on de flo wid a little moan."

"'Ruth,' he cries, 'Ruth, my lub, my lub,' an he tries ter left er up in his arms, but she pushes im away an git up by erself. She stan lookin at im fer a little while, den she says quiet an calm like: 'Richa'd, yer can't lub me an de Norf too: I'm a Southern girl.' He tuns ter de winder an look out inter de darkness an rain, den he tuns ter er agin, an is eyes is like fire an is face like er ghost's, an he ses bery slow: 'Goo-bye, Ruth, goo-bye, my darlin,' an den he takes er in is arms an kisses er an goes out ob de doah."

The little figure in the window-seat lay very still, and the great blue eyes, full of pathos, followed Mammy anxiously as she moved to and fro about her work. Outside, the evening sun was setting, throwing long, dark shadows across the landscape, filling the old kitchen with its gracious radiance, and gleaming brightly on a little ring that the child wore, a single pearl, set in a hoop of gold.

Mammy continued her story brokenly. "She neber seed im again, honey. One day a lettah cum tellin as how he had bin shot, an he had sent her his true lub as he died, an dat little purl ring what you're awearin now chile. She was sick for a long time arter dat, an when she get well at last, she was drefful changed, gentle an sweet as eber, only so quiet. She'd go roun' de house tidyin up here an there, an atryin to cheer up her mothah an fathah, poor chile, when she was so broken-hearted erself.

"Dey war bery pore now, through habin los' all dere money in de war, and purty soon de Cun'l he died an left 'em all alone, jes ole Miss an Miss Ruth. Den twar, honey, dat yer fathah cum along an fell in lub wid er an ast er ter marry im, but she say no, she am neber gwine ter marry, cause er heart's done died long go when Marse Dick war shot. Wal, dey got porer'n, porer arter dat, an ole Miss she done fret consid'able cause Miss Ruth won hab nobuddy to look arter er when she war gone. At las your fathah come'd back an he say 'fer your mothah's sake, Ruth, if not fer your own, marry me, an she say as she will.

"Dey war married in de little chuch down in de lane, an — an in jes one yeah she war buried thar side ob er fathah."

The sun sank low behind the horizon. The golds and crimson of the western sky faded slowly to a dull gray, which turned to a sleepy black as darkness fell upon the earth.

Josephine Simeall, '93.

A SONG IN THE LOVE-LAND.

O where is thy love-land, Marie, Marie,
In wildwood, or river, or sea, or sea,
In the mist of the meadow or blue of the sky,
In the dark clouds that tremble with wrath as they fly;
O, maiden of my story, where may I see
Love's altars of sacrifice flaming to thee?

What singeth thy love-god, Marie, Marie,
From summer lands over the sea, the sea,
As he poureth around thee a cloud of perfume,
Long stolen from Indian gardens of bloom;
In sunshine or moonlight, by woodland or wave,
What mosaic of song thy love-temple doth pave?

Florence Annette Wing, '92.

Some visitors in the Art building are looking at the cast of a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon. One of them, on inquiry, is told by another that it is from the Parthenon, "a temple on one of the seven hills of Rome." Another party were sure that a great deal had been done for the college, in fact that it was founded, by Mr. Wellesley.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

Cowper.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHILDREN.

One can but remark how briefly the critics discuss Shakespeare's treatment of childhood. After a few desultory notes they dismiss the subject thus: "Shakespeare introduces children cleverly, but sparingly."

Having noted no especial lack such as would be quickly felt in current literature, from the absence of children, and remembering the universality of genius which used every age and class for portraiture, we instinctively say, "Children? Why, of course! There is ——," and not one character rises to much prominence, unless it be Arthur.

Then like others who find their theory demolished by stubborn facts, we bethink ourselves of excellent reasons why the opposite theory is the rational one. Shakespeare, writing first of all for dramatic representation, met the limitation of a stage that allowed no girls upon it. Youths could hardly have been found whose stature and size would not betray them in girls' parts, and small boys were no more dramatically effective than now, even in propria persona. Why then give prominence to characters impossible to present?

Some one has suggested that Shakespeare was too unfamiliar with childhood to handle the theme naturally. True he was prematurely old in genius, knowledge of life, and acquaintance with sin and sorrow; true he lived apart from society, and died young. But where did he gain his profound knowledge of all other ages, for he was isolated from many classes that he delineates?

The author's personality is shown somewhat by his always omitting most of the merely domestic side of life, and creating an out-door and public world. The strongest reason for his silence in the nursery, however, is the spirit of the times. Children were looked upon as growing animals, to be curbed and trained till years should have given individuality and importance. It is impossible to imagine a Mignon, Paul Dombey or Little Lord Fauntleroy in the Elizabethan Literature. Personality in children, distinct from their relationships is a nineteenth century idea,—carried perhaps to an excess.

Shakespeare's references to childhood, though brief are interesting. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he tells us:

"Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;"

While he makes *Aegeon* speak of the

"Piteous plainings of the prattling babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear."

From *Macbeth* comes a goodnatured sneer in:

"'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil."

In *Coriolanus* is a reference to more real troubles in the simile:

"See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.

Jaques, describing the periods of man's life, gives perhaps a childish reminiscense of the poet, in the picture:

"And there the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

In *Macbeth* we read:

"Love is like a child
That longs for everything he can come by;"

And in *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled,
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere."

Helena and *Hermia*, in the wood, review their girlhood thus,—"O, is it all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence;

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet are union in partition,
Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest."

From these allusions, may be gathered Shakespeare's tenderness toward the helpless, his half playful, half satiric, view of childish crudities, his incipient impatience for the period to be outgrown, but withal an appreciation of its simple innocence and purity.

Of actual *child characters*, Shakespeare introduces *young Lucius*, grandson of Titus Andronicus, in a play of that name. In Act IV, the child enters fleeing from his aunt, and appeals to his grandfather for protection, but on finding that his aunt has been deeply wronged, he threatens vengence, "with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire." In the last scene, his father summons him to his grandfather's corpse, with a touching reminder of the tender care bestowed on him in infancy.

Young Lucius impetuously responds:

"O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again?
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth."

Coriolanus's wife assures us that her little boy, "had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school master."

And the visitor says.

"O' my faith, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, catched it again, or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas he did so set his teeth and and tear it. O, I warrant it, how he mammocked it!"

In *Winter's Tale*, Maxmilius, the young prince of Sicilia, plays the petted, spoiled child, to his own pleasure, his mother's discomfort, and the court ladies' horror. He objects roughly to being kissed as if he were a baby, and then falls to criticising the ladies' beauty.

The grace, beauty and girlish happiness of Perdita are too well known to need emphasis or illustration. She lives so near the border of maidenly womanhood that Shakespeare has given her strong individuality, albeit she is so idealized as to seem almost an "unfledged angel."

In *Richard III* are found the little precocious boy and girl of murdered Clarence. We can imagine their sober faces as with hushed voices they talk with the Duchess about their father's fate. It is with an exquisite, though perhaps unconscious touch of irony that when Queen Elizabeth enters half crazed with grief and demands consolation for her dead son Edward, these early-old children say:

Boy. "Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. "Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned,
Your widow dolor likewise be unwept.

It is hardly less sad to turn to *Prince Edward* and the young *Duke of York*, whom Shakespeare with a passing touch has made immortal. The young Prince Edward enters London, to be welcomed by Buckingham and Gloucester, but loneliness and misgiving sweep over him, although he struggles bravely against both. Gloucester, attempting to cheer him as one would a child, is met with a quiet dignity, which acknowledges loneliness only so far as to "wish he had more uncles to welcome him." (Poor Innocent!) As the moments drag along, he inquires where he and his brother are to lodge until his coronation. Gloucester suavely says:

Gloucester. "Where it seems best unto your royal self,
If I may counsel you, some day or two.
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower.
There where you please, and shalt be tho't most fit
For your best health and recreation.

The Prince is startled into saying, "I do not like the Tower of any place," but quickly hastens to the safer comment on its origin.

When the younger brother arrives the conversation takes a lighter turn, as he trustingly jests with his uncle, begging for a dagger, etc. Buckingham, impatient and ill at ease interrupts, asking them to continue their way to the Tower where they can have better welcome. York, surprised, demurs, and says he "shall not sleep in quiet in the Tower," but they move away to that same Tower which quickly covers them in mysterious oblivion.

It is interesting to note the difference between these two boys. The elder prince is inquiring, thoughtful, cautious, uncertain whether or not to fear his uncle and covering his doubt by a timid tactfulness; while York, the younger brother, is pert, precocious, clever, witty in his simple way, unsuspecting double meaning in words or wrong in action. The innocent, guileless trustfulness of both is touching, and is used with Shakespeare's matchless art to be a foil to the villainy of Richard III.

Turning from the shepherd boys in *Cymbeline* and the twin sons who cause so much trouble in the *Comedy of Errors*, our interest naturally centres about the finest of all child portraits—*Prince Arthur*.

It is needless to say that Shakespeare has used a poet's license both in the age and circumstances of this character. He has retained the most salient features of historic truth, but even if he had used his imagination still more freely, he might have found forgiveness because of the beauty of the result. Arthur's youth, helpless dependence, inheritance of misery and simple innocence are strikingly revealed in the lurid light of the familiar, but awful scene with his executioners.

Note the simple, loving welcome the boy gives, and how unconsciously he prattles on till Hubert stops him, muttering aside, "He will awake my mercy which lies dead. Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch." The tender and loving child fears for his friend's health, and keeps his gentleness even when told the dreadful sentence which condemned him to the loss of eyesight. His helpless confidence in Hubert would have shamed a blacker soul to pity, while his high-spirited pride and courage might well command respect. His terror gives him an eloquence which Hudson calls the "perfect art of perfect artlessness," and he stands a living voice claiming Nature's rights.

Thus we find that the genius which makes of Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Portia and Ophelia, vitally real persons with strong characters, gives us, for dramatic reasons, only glimpses of Lucius, the young princes and Arthur,—that the same genius which analyzes the most stormy and the most subtle passions of youth, maturity and age, passes childhood with a half tender, half patronizing touch. Girls are treated tenderly and gently, as if the artist

were half afraid to shatter their fragile personalities, while boys are introduced for the interest which centres about humanity in miniature. Lucius and Coriolanus are little braggarts, yet they force an indulgent smile from us. Since childish innocence, even though united to precocity is attractive.

In thus reviewing at a glance the childish characters which Shakespeare creates for us, we feel that though the dramatist has subordinated them for art's sake, the man has thrown about them "the witchery of a fascinating genius, and the tenderness of a simple reverent heart."

M. A. E., '92.

DREAM AND DEED.

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES.

What of the deed without the dream? A song
  Reft of its music, and a scentless rose.
Except the heart outsoar the hand, the throng
  Will bless thee little for thy labor-throes.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy gold,
  Paled, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
  Thy grieved angel turns his face away.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Yale, Johns Hopkins, University of Michigan and Cornell, are the only American Universities possessing Christian Association buildings.—Ex.

The Universities of Minnesota and Iowa also have handsome C. A. buildings.—Ed.

The Czar has sent to Stanford University a collection of eight hundred mineralogical specimens.—Ex.

The library at Trinity received an addition in the shape of the entire library of the late Bishop Paddock.—Ex.

The total membership of Greek letter societies in American colleges is estimated at 75,000.—Ex.

THE JAPANESE MINOTAUR.

[Founded on a Japanese Legend].

Night crept stealthily down the river Li, but the river swept on unconscious of all save the beckoning fingers of Day still outstretched in the golden west. Now and then the stately stream showed on its calm face the glow of an answering smile.

Along a rough path beside the river stumbled a solitary traveller. Far behind him lay the glory of Day and of Life. Many suns had set between Yasumaru the exile, and Yasumaru the royal dignity; for when he, the only brother of the empress, had fallen deep into crime and treasonable conspiracy, there was no better way to treat him—at least, so thought the empress—than to consign him forever to the dragon-infested forests of the far-away river Li.

At last, despairing, yet fearless, he had reached his journey's end. Where in all the blackness could he find rest?

Out of the gathering mists that rolled about him, there came a low sound as of moaning. Yasumaru stopped. His quick ear distinguished a human voice, weird with commingled terror and lament. Straightway he turned from the path to climb the mountain-side, making his way as best he could among the gnarled branches of low trees, over boulders and through tangled undergrowth, until he reached a small bamboo hut, whither he had traced the cries of distress. There a sad story awaited his hearing. An aged father and mother must on the morrow lose the last of eight precious daughters, each one as fair as the cherry blooms of early spring: but the last, a gentle girl of sixteen, surpassed them all in the perfection of her blossoming.

Yasumaru's dead chivalry was touched into flame. He was no longer a gloomy castaway. "Can *nothing* save your daughter, my good people?" he cried.

"Alas, no, my son! The wrath of the gods is upon us. Once every year the demon of the river—a monster with eight heads and eight tails, whose body glitters with a hundred lights and whose eyes dart flames—comes to claim and to devour eight maidens, the lovliest of the valley. Seven have gone from this poor hut since seven years have passed over us. Woe, woe unto us that our light should die with tomorrow's sun!" Overcome with grief the heart-broken parents bowed themselves to the earth. So bewildered with sorrow were they, that it was far into the night before Yasumaru had learned the one path of hope he might follow to outwit the awful serpent of the river.

Until day-break he worked in fevered haste. As he placed the last girdle of bamboo about the eighth cask, there flitted by him into the hut a slender figure clad in a snowy-white *kimona.* Yasumaru caught a glimpse of a pale, oval face, delicately cut in feature, lighted by eyes of wondrous beauty: on the instant his heart was flooded with a courage such as he never before had known.

All was ready. Close by the river, Yasumaru lay concealed. On the bank near by stood eight great casks, full to the brim of a most delicious liquid, whose aroma rose from their half-opened mouths like the fragrance of a flower as it greets the sun.

Suddenly, the face of the river blackened in anger. It turned from shore to shore, writhing as in torment. Up through the sinuous furrow left by the tossing river, lashing the water into vapor, flaying the trees atremble along its banks, came the dragon. Yasumaru in his hiding-place, quivered with expectation. The monster hesitated as he neared the casks: then, with a savage leap, plunged eight glistening heads into the yawning mouths of the eight casks; while far out in the river eight slimy tails wreathed and uncoiled, wound about each other and slipped apart again, expressing in their swift contortions the demon's greedy joy.

When each cask was emptied of its last drop, the furious tails grew still; a shudder thrilled the long body, and the heads hung helpless over the edges of the casks. Yasumaru had mingled in drink for the river-god the deadly potion he had brought for self-destruction.

The huge beast was but stupefied; Yasumaru must act quickly, or all might yet be lost. He sprang from his covert, cut off one head after another in quick succession. He reached the eighth: something hard blunted his stroke. For an instant, the sinking of despair weakened his hand. "Fail *now*? Not so!" And, raising his sword, he dealt the head a mighty blow, severing it from the body. From the bleeding neck there projected a bit of shining metal. Yasumaru tore it from its sheath of flesh. Lo, the magic dagger of Omadzumaru, the hero-emperor of a by-gone age!

Not many moons waxed and waned before Yasumaru carried back to his old palace home his beautiful bride of the forest; for the dagger which he wore was the earnest of a glad reconciliation. All Japan knows that it could only be found and kept by one who, turning from a dark past, carried into a brave future a heart that beat ever thereafter loyal and true.

F. C. L., '92,

A great stride in Art—the Colossus of Rhodes.—Ex.

"Pinning his faith"—Luther at Wittenberg.—Ex.

The net profits of the Yale Glee and Banjo Club for '90 and '91 were $3,873.—Ex.

Shoulders.

"They're made to bear,
So all men think,
"Our burdens; hence they're broad and stout.
"Nay," women say, "without a doubt,
Since they're soft and pink,
They're made to *bare.*"

NOTES ALONG THE WAY.

An Englishman at Home:—Not so different from what he is abroad. Ah, but there is a subtle something, a distinction with a difference, a sense of pride in possession. "I am John Bull, and this is my country!" There is no mistaking the air of lofty indifference with which he inquires whether Minnesota is in Minneapolis or in Canada. Greenwich is the place from which longitude is reckoned. He remembers James Russell Lowell — oh, yes! as the author of "Josh Billings" — or was it John P. Robinson, he" after all? And he indulgently inclines to be interested in an American girl's ideas of life in general and English life in particular, calling her encouragingly a "deah little woman!" Or, if she happen to be born in New England and refuses to play draughts with him on Sunday, he may denominate her a "demure little Puritan maiden, don't you know!" He is generally tall and broad shouldered, and quite invariably frank about announcing his own age and inquiring yours. He is always interested in asking the meaning of such quaint Americanisms as "how?" "for the lands sake!" and other ungrammatical expressions. In fact, the Englishman at home nobly fulfills the adage, "Man is his own star," believing implicitly that "The Englishman is one world, and hath another to attend him."

Stiles:—Once in Wales I crossed a stile. It was Sunday and I was returning from the little church in Hawarden, where I had listened to a very stupid sermon by Gladstone's son. I know it was stupid, for the Grand Old Man himself endorsed my opinion. He sat just three seats in front of me and slept peacefully and profoundly through it all. But we are lingering a long time beside that stile. I had always imagined crossing a stile to be a most romantic proceeding. It is but indifferently so. The man — if there is one, — and there was, — goes over first. You ascend two steps, put your hand in his and gallop down the other side like a skittish and untrained colt. I was interested in the first stile I crossed, attracted by the second, moved by the third, absorbed in the fourth. At the fifth my ardor began to wane; at the sixth I was blase. During that mile's walk from Hawarden church, Gladstone's napping-place, to Smith's Phoenix Inn, we crossed nineteen stiles. Even romance often repeated grows monotonous.

Scotch Oatcake—Near Dumfries, just beyond the moat of old, three-cornered Caerlaverock Castle, nestles a little thatched cottage of gray stone. It has but three rooms and those are decked with an array of wonderful rag-rugs—one our old hostess showed us with laudable pride in her own wise planning, of an intricate oak-leaf pattern. But when we learned that there was an oatcake in the oven, the rugs had no more charms for us at all, and we were seized with a sudden desire to warm our half-chilled limbs—the month was August. Then *The Oatcake* was produced. All the land about was vocal with legends of Burns, but we forgot them all at the sight of the oatcake, white and thin and crisp and warm, deliciously warm, as if it had been for long hours on a loyal Scotchman's hearth-stone. Silence for a time fell on our entire party—silence, save for an appreciative, ill-suppressed smack of satisfaction from lips unused to such a feast. Then a problem confronted us—"could we offer heavy, sordid shillings for such a delicacy? A prompt, "na, na child" comes from the honest, kindly lips. The oatcake, like religion, is a free gift.

Cathedral Arches and a Window—It is York, and before us stands York Cathedral. Behind and all around are York's "old churches, gnawed like a bone by the tooth of Time," but now we step within, across a threshold into an edifice timeless and eternally pure. There is no sense of earth and its limitations beneath the arches of York Cathedral. These arches

are the fairest things that man's hand ever built for God, towards God. As the music of the evensong swells and rises and breaks in waves of melody among these pointed arches, we feel their spirituality and their majesty. They rise up towards heaven, strong and light and graceful, with a purity which is unlike all else save that of the perfect manhood of Tennyson's Arthur. And when we contrast these strong arches of York Cathedral, York the king of English minsters, with Lichfield, in its highly wrought perfection. Lichfield the queen of Cathedrals, is like Guinevere, in its rosiness of color and delicacy of form, beside the hero whose noble achievements her weakness, her treachery had thwarted.

Between the massive columns, below the swelling arches are five narrow windows, the slender fingers of the Five Sisters pointing upward evermore. Have you seen the gray-green moss in early spring, sparkling with the heavy drops of rain? And while you looked, have you seen shy flowers of blue and crimson gleam from out the mossy bed, and sunshine touch the pearly drops to gold? Then have you seen those windows, whose spring-time, whose sunshine has endured through tens and hundreds of the springs which pass?

Charlotte T. Sibley.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Student. The more labor one puts on a piece of land the more he gets.

Professor. On the whole?

Student. No. *In* the hole.—Ex.

Cornell Era agitates the opening of its college library on Sunday.

A new publication *The Yellow and Blue* is issued by the fraternities of the University of Michigan.

"The only man who never makes mistakes is the man who never attempts anything and his life is one long mistake." Dr. Lyman Abbott.

COLLEGE NOTES.

President Dewitt Hyde of Bowdoin preached in the chapel at the usual hour last Sunday morning. His text is found in Matthew 13:52-"Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old." The difference was shown between the old and new views on the fundamental question of our faith — on the creation of the Holy Spirit, the person of Christ, redemption, regeneration, and the Bible. The true christian should learn to be a householder who reverences among his treasures things new and old.

At the Vesper Service in the evening Mrs. Smith sang delightfully. President Hyde led the service and after the lesson and prayer Mrs. Smith sang a most generous number of selections. The following are their names:

(*a*) "Hear my Prayer, oh God," Kantz
(*b*) "Contrite Heart," Ambrose
(*c*) "Forever with the Lord," Gounod
(*d*) "Sion," Rodney
(*e*) "I heard the voice of Jesus say," Bartlett.

Dr. Maile of the College Educational Society spoke in the chapel on last Sunday evening at 8 o'clock on "The Boy and the Girl of the Prairie."

On Tuesday of last week Mrs. Smith dined at Stone Hall and drank after-dinner-coffee with her class-mates in the parlor after dinner On Saturday evening the Juniors in the main building entertained Mrs. Smith in the Faculty parlor. On both occasions Mrs. Smith delighted her class-mates with her beautiful music.

Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke in the chapel on Wednesday evening, October 28. The subject of the talk was the "Certainties of Religion," based upon the text in I Timothy, 1:12 — "For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I

have committed unto him, against that day." No matter how many influences there are which would weaken our faith, there are always some certainties which we must acknowledge. These in brief are: I know that I am. We know that there is a law of right and wrong. We know that we have not lived up to the law of right, and that there are influences to make us better than we are. We know that there is no literature more helpful than the Bible, and that in the Bible the Christ is the character which transcends all others. Above all we know that there is a Spirit with which our spirits may find fellowship; that the power of God is in and about us.

Dr. Samuel A. Pierson of London, England, came to Wellesley with Dr. Abbott on Wednesday evening, and spoke a few words at the close of Dr. Abbott's address.

The reception given by Mrs. Hemenway to the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ on Friday evening, October 23, was a most enjoyable one. The gymnasium at No. 9 Appleton street, where it was held, was as admirably adapted to give physical comfort at a reception as physical strength in its ordinary use. In the large airy room one could move about easily, and talk in an ordinary conversational tone. Then there was the congeniality that is always found in a body of college-bred men or women. There were women there from the first graduate of Vassar to those just out from college, and there were some men who, on this occasion, were content with being introduced as the husband of Mrs. A., or the father of Miss B. It was pleasant to meet men and women interested in something earnest and definite, to compare college notes, and perhaps to discover mutual college friends. Indeed the A. C. A. is indebted to Mrs. Hemenway for a most charming reception.

The bird class met on October 28th, and listened with interest to a discussion upon the English sparrow. First we notice his appearance, habits and family traits. The bird has the longitudinal markings upon his back, characteristic of the sparrow family. The females are more subdued in color than the males, and their gray feathers have a more yellowish cast. The sparrow's bill is short, broad and conical, of a bluish black color, the under side being yellowish at the base. His wings are short and broad and the tail slightly notched. He is primarily a grain eating bird although he does not confine himself to grain alone. He was brought to this country in the hope that he would eat the larvæ of insects which infected our trees. It is not certainly known whether he does or not, but surely many insect larvæ have disappeared since his arrival. His flight for a short distance is in a straight and direct line, while for a long distance it is undulating. Some valuable hints were also given to enable one to make a character study of the bird, and to become acquainted with his thoughts and feelings as well as with his external appearance.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 30, in the Art Library. The roll call was answered by quotations from the Miracle Plays. The society welcomed heartily to their first regular meeting the following new members: Miss Bartholomew, '94, Miss Stahr, '94, Miss Alice Pierce, '92, Miss Ella Trundle, '93, Miss Marian Anderson, '94, and Miss Blake, '94. Program.

THE DAWN OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

I. Shakespeare News, - Miss Tomlinson
II. Early Forms of Dramatic Literature, Miss Glover
III. Reading.
  a. (From Miracle Play.) The Deluge, Miss Osborne
  b. (From Interlude.) The Four P's, Miss Emerson
  c. (From First Tragedy.) Ferrex and Porrex, - - Miss Mudgett
  d. (From First Comedy.) Ralph Royster Doyster, - - Miss Stimson
IV. The Place of the Miracle Plays in Dramatic Literature, - - - Miss Gage
V. Dramatic Representation, Masque from Midsummer Night's Dream.

ACT V, SCENE I.

Thisbe,	Miss Wilkinson
Pyramus,	Miss Lucas
Wall,	Miss Newman
Lion,	Miss Hardon
Moonshine,	Miss C. Green
Quince,	Miss Thorne

VI. General Discussion.

a. What special need was there for this the new form of Literature at the time?

b. What preparation did the ballads and early songs afford for the Drama?

Of all days Hallowe'en is one of the very merriest at Wellesley, and last Saturday evening was up to the standard and even above it for gayety and mirth. The dining-room at College Hall presented the brilliant appearance which is usual on that night. There were all kinds of costumes, from the charming old-fashioned ladies who served the guest table, to the cats who kept things lively generally. For originality perhaps the chickens, the cats, and the "owls and the pussy-cats" stand first. The most beautiful costumes were those of the Walhalla, the butterflies, who had adopted the very appropriate motto "Oh! Sim papilio," and the Japanese ladies. The conversation table, the quack shop, the Wellesley College bill-of-fare, and the rag-doll were all irresistably funny, and the many books, the Mohammedans, the fairies, the milk-maids, and shepherdesses, all added greatly to the picturesque variety of the scene. After dinner a review of the different tables was held in the reception-room by Miss Whiting and Mrs. Smith. Dancing in the gymnasium concluded the festivities.

At Stone Hall the Seniors entertained the other members of the house in the great parlor. There Faust, before a cozy wood fire, dreamed dreams and saw visions. St. Dunstan, King Arthur, St. Nicholas and St. Christopher appeared to him, and fairies, witches, goblins, giants and dwarfs held revels before him. The Lorelei strove to soothe him with her music, but he found no rest until Marguerite, forgiving and tender, came to his side. After the dreams dancing was begun, the guests disporting themselves with the spectral forms of witches and dwarf. One of the most pleasant features of the evening was the singing of Fraulein Elspeth Muller.

At Freeman the time-honored festival of Hallowe'en was observed in a most enjoyable way. The guests were first ushered to the dining-room where they were entertained by a series of tableaux, some artistic, some amusing. When the ghost of Hallowe'en bade the audience "Good-night" they were only too glad to escape to the lighted rooms above, where they could throw off the influence of his gruesome appearance in the mirth and jollity of the dance. But soon came a second summons to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. After full justice had been done to these, all the lights were extinguished save that of the fire. Around this the girls clustered, and listened eagerly to tales of what goes on in the realm of ghosts. Ten o'clock came all too soon, but the girls dispersed, feeling that '92's Hallowe'en was one worthy of remembrance.

Nothing could have been a more fitting introduction to the Hallowe'en festivities at Wood than the two great Jack-o' lanterns, which, grinning broadly to show how hearty was their welcome, greeted the guests as they came up the steps. After a short reception in the parlors the guests went to the second floor, where mental enjoyment was offered in the form of a circulating library. Each member of the cottage represented some book, of any character which she preferred. From a catalogue each guest chose a book. According to the rules of the library no book was to be kept for more than five minutes, and if the rule was violated a fine was to be paid. When the library was exhausted the guests descended to the dining-room, which was lighted by Jack-o'-lanterns and an open fire. Games were then

begun, hunting apples, potato races, and roasting chestnuts. Refreshments were served when the games had become wearisome, and soon after the guests left, all voting that they had never fully appreciated Hallowe'en before.

There was a very merry time at Simpson, too. The evening began with a chestnut hunt, and the fate of the girls was decided according as they found gilded or silver chestnuts. Then there was an observation party, and this was followed by refreshments. Throughout the evening there were opportunities given to have the future unveiled by a witch and a gypsy, and the evening closed with bobbing for apples and merry college songs.

At Waban the girls had a very happy time over a candy-pull, and some Hallowe'en games.

Laws honey! I 'sperienced de queerest feelin' Saturday evenin'. They asked me to dinner down to de Eliot, but I didn't spec to get into any sech crowd. There was poor white trash an' real quality, similarly Injuns and other marvelous pussons, like Mr. an' Mrs. Spratt an' de fairy. An' de way dey acted. 'Visitin' round: an' eben askin' me to wait on de table! But after dinner came de wonderfullest. Count McGri visited us, an' a dwarf man orated. Den dey had other shows and singin', going to de kitchen where dey was a bobbin' for apples an' sech like. Den dey 'sembled all together an' a young miss sang a haunt song as de finishin'. Chile, 'taint often dis Dinah hab sech a good time all in one ebenin'.

Norumbega entertained some of her outside friends as well as herself with a conglomerate of the old-fashioned Hallowe'en party and a modern unravelling of "cobwebs" with witch-like souvenir-cards at the ends. Fates of individuals varied widely as told by applepeelings, popping chestnuts, tiny boats floating upon the "sea of matrmiony," saucers of water, the ring and the glass, and a suspicious looking grab-bag. Jack-o'-lanterns and oak-leaves lent their charms to a genuine Hallowe'en feast, and the cutting of the mystic cake created much merriment. After a short time for chatting the guests departed, and each maiden went to dreams of witchery and enchantment.

November's melancholy days
Of noted sadness drear,
Need not our blithesomeness congeal,
Nor turn it brown and sear.
For *fair*-y art from flow'ry land
Shall bloom in CollegeHall;
In short, we'er going to have a fair
And, sure, invite you all.

A delightful concert was given in the chapel on Monday evening, November 2d by Professor Carl Baermann, who is considered to be the finest pianist in New England. The program was well balanced and artistically arranged. Prof. Baermann's rendering of Mozart was wonderfully perfect and his purity of tone and variety of expression charming. The Toccatta by Schumann, being in the nature of an etude, does not appeal to the public, but his rendering of it was very musical. It is one of the most difficult compositions in the world. Prof. Baermann's rendering of the Beethoven Sonata was above all criticism. The well known Nocturne of Chopin was played in a most delicate and poetic way, and the Ballade, which demands great strength and rapidity, was presented in a most heroic manner. The Chopin numbers and the Toccatta were played by him for the first time in public. Liszt's Rhapsodie fitly concluded a program of great value and enjoyment to all present. In response to a hearty encore Prof. Baermann played a Song of Schubert transcribed by Liszt, "The Lindenbaum."

He.—Didn't you have stage fright when you first appeared before that critical audience in Antigone?

She.—No, indeed! You know I frequently have been to your college chapel.—Yale Record.

OUR EXCHANGES.

It is well for a class of people as generally absorbed as are college students in the study of the past, of theory and of fancy, to be reminded that there is also the present, there is practical life and fact claiming our attention in the novels of the day. Mr. Fletcher in *The Harvard Monthly* will have done us a service if he sueeeeds in convineing us that Dumas fils "ought to be studied by the historian of French sensibilities in the nineteenth century very closely indeed," although we may agree that some of the novelist's eharaeters "are not people we have met,—or exactly want to meet, at least until we are past forty."

Professor Hiram Corson gives an estimate of the relative value of the "What Does, What Knows, What Is" in the *Cornell Magazine*. He regrets "the almost unlimited monarchy of the 'What Knows' in our schools," and thinks the popular study of the Philosophy of Literature, miscalled the Philosophy of Literature, is particularly influential in cultivating the intelligence, the "What Knows," rather than the personality the "What Is," of its students.

"The Evolution of Student Honor" in the *Oberlin Review* merits the attention of every one of us desiring higher common ideals, and the development among us of that sentiment of honor which has a natural antipathy for laziness, superficiality and insincerity in work.

The subjeet of *University Extension* is discussed in many of our exchanges. The *Dartmouth* gives some interesting facts in connection with the history of the movement. The *North Western* World also chronicles its progress, and the *Oberlin Review* has an article on the same subject.

The *Summer Girl* receives her share of attention on all sides. From the disdainful cynie who prefers his solitary rambles and his pipe, from the gay young gallant whose wiles are even wilier than those of the summer giddy girl, and from the serious observer, who studies the characteristies of the type, we have poems, stories and sighs. Generally, we are made to feel she is an irresponsible being, created to help the summer days pass swiftly by, with neither soul nor constancy. One rash poet,—we fear he is a deluded member of the serious observers—ventures to assert "a summer girl may sometimes be a winter girl besides;" but the weight of the evidence is against him.

The Editor who sends us the following; clipped from some exchange:

"The Wellesley girls have been measured, and the average waist measure of the 1100 students is 54.2 in." and writes beneath,

"Do you corroborate this?" would be unwise to ever sh ow his face at Wellesley.

MONTHLY MAGZAINES.

Fortnightly. *A Human Document.* W. H. Mallock.

A story taken from the diary of a Hungarian lady—a diary purporting to be the imaginary Journal of Marie Bashkirtcheff, during an imaginary continuation of her life, but in reality the account of the life of a woman with the same intense nature as Marie Bashkirtcheff. An introduction by Mr. Mallock discusses ably the important question, *What constitutes a moral novel?* and the desirability of suppressing the so-called immoral fiction of the day. The opening chapters of the Journal promise much of interest.

La Bete Humaine. John Addington Symonds.

After a careful analysis of this "prose-poem" of Zola's, Mr. Symonds concludes that the author is more of an idealist than a realist. "His realism consists in careful attention to details, in the naturalness of his connecting motives, and his frank acceptance of all things human which present themselves to his observing brain. The idealism which justifies us in

calling *La Bete Humaine* a poem, has to be sought in the method whereby these separate parcels of the plot are woven together, and also in the dominating conception contained in the title, which gives unity to the whole work. We are not in the region of reality, but in the region of the constructive imagination from the first to the last line of the novel."

The Emancipation of Women. Frederic Harrison.

After setting forth briefly the general characteristics of Positivism, and disclaiming the title Comtism for that religion which has merely been founded, but not invented nor revealed by Auguste Comte—the writer speaks in detail of the ideal for women, as held by Positivists. "Holding firmly to the middle ground between the base apathy which is satisfied with the actual condition of woman as it is, and the restless materialism which would pulverize the social groups of families, sexes and professions into individuals organized, if at all, by unlimited resource to the ballot-box," Positivism calls for the same education for women as for men, and recognizes the family, wherein woman is supreme, as "more vital, more beautiful, more universal than the state," wherein man is supreme.

Century. Two beautiful engravings of Michelangelo's great figures, the *Delphian Sibyl* and the *Cumaean Sibyl*, frescoes on the Sistine chapel ceiling at Rome, form the frontispieces of the November number. Mr. Cole's engravings and Mr. Hillman's texts have walked hand in hand thro' so many numbers of the *Century* that they must be thoroughly known, and need no commendation to our readers.

The Naulahka, a story written by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, is begun. Chas. D. Robinson's pictures of King's River Canon, a rival of the Yosemite, are particularly beautiful, and a fine portrait of James Russell Lowell appears. In *Topics of the Time* our attention is called to the fact that Americans have within fifteen years taken first rank among contemporary nations in stained glass and wood-engraving.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Since our last issue a reoprt of the meeting of the Western New York Wellesley Association has been received from the secretary. She writes that there were thirty-four members present, and that the whole meeting was most enjoyable. The following short program was given before the business meeting:

Piano solo. Mrs. Clara Ames Hayward, '83.
Paper, education of girls.
Mrs. Gertrude Lewis Decker, '78–'79.
College notes. Miss Marion Perrin, '91.

We omit the rest of the report, as the substance of it was included in the account of last week.

The former Wellesley students residing in Springfield and vicinity are planning to have a dinner in Springfield on Thanksgiving Day. Any who would like to be present at the dinner are requested to write to Miss A. M. Mitchell, office of Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Miriam W. Newcomb, formerly of '92, is teaching in Miss Kimball's Home School, Worcester, Mass.

BORN.

In Eltingville, Staten Island, June 14, a son, Edmund, to Mrs. Mary DeVeny Wasson, '83.

MARRIED.

Castleman—Mengel—In Louisville, Ky., Oct. 13th, Mary Castleman, '86-'87, to Clarence Rudolph Mengel.

DIED.

In Richmond, Me., Oct. 11, Captain Stephen Stuart, father of Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, and Miss Fannie Stuart, '94.

In Rome, N. Y., Oct. 20, Dr. M. Calvin West, father of Miss Olive D. West, '81-'82, and Miss F. May West, '91.

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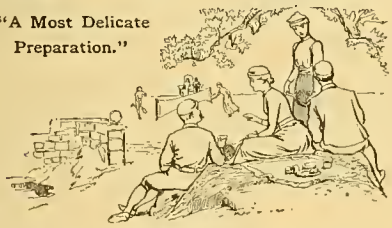

HAM SANDWICHES A LA PARISIENNE.

Between slices of thinly cut white bread spread a mixture of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs and cream sauce. Stamp out in round, oval, square or oblong shapes. Butter the tops. Sprinkle on one-half the number of sandwiches, finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve, and on the other half parsley and white of egg chopped very fine.

Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

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